

SONNET **LVI.**



HE Dial! love, which shews how my
days spend* The leaden Plummets
sliding to the ground ! My thoughts,
which to dark melancholy bend. The rolling
Wheels, which turn swift hours round! Thine
eyes, PARTHENOPHE ! my Fancy's guide. The
Watch, continually which keeps his stroke !
By whose oft turning, every hour doth slide;
Figure the sighs, which from my liver smoke,
Whose oft invasions finish my life's date.
The Watchman, which, each quarter, strikes
the bell! Thy love, which doth each part
exanimate; And in each quarter, strikes his
forces fell.

That Hammer and great Bell, which end
each hour! Death₃ my life's victor, sent by
thy love's power*

SONNET **LVII.**



HY beauty is the Sun, which guides
my day. And with his beams, to my
world's life gives
light ;

With whose sweet favour, all my fancies
play, And as birds singing, still enchant my
sight. But when I seek to get my love's chief
pleasure, Her frowns are like the night led by
the Lamp Of PHCEBE'S chaste desires; whilst,
without leisure, Graces like Stars, through all
her face encamp. Then all my Fancy's birds
lie whisht, for fear ; Soon as her frowns
procure their shady sorrow: Saving my heart,
which secret shot doth bear, And nature from
the nightingale doth borrow; Which from
laments, because he will not rest, Hath love's
thorn-prickle pointed at his **breast.**